Rebirth (Lucifer's son TF story)

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Your day has been going as any other that you´ve lived in your empty, disgraceful life.

You had no one left.

Not because they died, or because fate was cruel… but because you pushed them away.

Family? Burned those bridges.

Friends? Used and discarded as if they were nothing but scum.
Love? You spat on it, called it weakness.

You were broken…
You were empty… by choice.

No apologies, no second thoughts, and no redemption.

Until he appeared.

Lucifer Morningstar. The King of Hell. The Morning Star himself.

He didn't arrive with fire and brimstone. No, he came with a calm smile and a black-gloved hand extended like a gentleman.

“You´ve done a fine job of damming yourself.” - He said. His voice is velvet dipped in venom.

“So tell me, little soul… why keep pretending you were human?”

The moment you saw and listened to him, you didn't scream. You didn't cry. Instead, you laughed.

Of course it would end like this. Of course someone like the Devil himself would come for someone like you.

He didn't kidnap you. You welcomed home.

The hair turned heavy, your vision blurred, and the world began to melt… and that included your body. However, It didn't include the pain but inevitability in its place.

Your clothes peeled away in silken shimmers. Your voice cracked, shifted, deepened and then rose into a regal tone.

It turned into a refined, twisted, elegant, lean, and no longer yours. It wasn´t his voice, but something similar and close.

In the reflection of the obsidian mirror, a new face emerged… his face but younger, sharper, and more refined by far.

A son reborn from the ashes of a wasted life.

Lucifer´s fingers brushed through your hair (now pale gold, thick, and perfect). His smile was proud… almost tender.

“There.” - He whispered.

“Much better.”

You tried to speak. You tried to scream. But deep inside, something else was screaming louder:

You deserved this.

You were understanding what was happening to you.

Your body is unraveling.

You stagger back, eyes wide, watching your hands stretch and refine into something longer, smoother, inhumanly graceful.

Your clothes burn away in a silent false, replaced by a regal, fitted ensemble that feels measured, tailored, meant for someone like… him.

“No, no, no… what the hell is this?!”

You clutch your face, your chest, your voice pitching higher as it warps into a smoother, deeper timbre, charming, confident, unnatural.

You stumble toward the obsidian mirror on the far wall.

And there he is.
Not Lucifer.
You.
But not… you.

A younger version of him. Same elegance. Same devilish eyes. Same perfect bone structure.
You look like him. Exactly like him.

Only smaller. Younger. Freshly made.

You turn to Lucifer, trembling. “Why are you doing this to me?! What the hell is this?! Why me?!”

He simply watches you for a moment, then smiles softly. A rare, almost melancholic look in his eyes.

“You ask as if you don’t already know.”

Your mind reels, fighting back the haze that’s slowly fogging your thoughts.

Lucifer takes a few steps forward, his footsteps silent on the black marble.

“You had no attachments. No roots. No soul worth keeping intact. You destroyed everything you touched. You cast away your humanity long before I found you. But still…”

He pauses, voice lowering into something tender.

“Even in your ruin, I saw something more. A son waiting to be claimed.”

Your knees weaken. You grab the edge of the bed for balance, breathing heavy.

“This isn’t right… I’m not… I'm not your son.”

Lucifer kneels beside you, brushing a strand of golden hair from your face. Your hair. He speaks softly now. Dangerously calm.

“You already were.
This… shell of a human life? A placeholder. A shallow dream your mind invented to cope with what you truly are.
You are not mortal. You never were.”

Your mouth opens, but nothing comes out.
Because deep down… a part of you believes him.

“You're what I made you to be. What I’ve needed for so long.” - He whispers.

“My daughter is away. My beloved Lilith lost to me. And I… I am so tired of being alone in this house.”

He places a hand over your heart. You can feel your pulse changing… slowing, strengthening, darkening.

“You were born for this.”

“My blood flows through you now. My power fills your veins.”

“You are Morningstar by name, and by soul.”

You fall to your knees as the pressure builds… not from the outside but from within.

Your body is glowing now, faintly, like smoldering embers beneath the flawless of your skin. Golden sigils trace themselves over your arms, your chest, your throat… branding you with infernal nobility.

Your bones crack, but there is no pain, just reshaping, refinement, sculpting by unseen hands.

Your spine lengthens, making your posture straightens.

Your skin smooths into unearthly perfection.
Your jawline becomes sharp, divine, symmetrical.
Your eyes ignite with a red hue that is not your own, but it feels… right.

You try to scream, but the sound is velvet. Controlled.
Your voice. Your new voice is deep, smooth, regal.
It rolls out of your throat like something born to command.

Your heartbeat vanishes.

In its place, you feel... fire.

And wings.

Six of them.

Black, feathered, majestic, they burst from your back in a violent, graceful explosion of divine energy. You gasp, arching as your muscles flex perfect, lean, inhuman. Wings fold tightly, then vanish into your skin like whispers.

Lucifer stands behind you, silent. Watching.

You turn slowly to face him. You feel taller. Not quite as tall as him, but close. You feel… powerful. Eternal.

“Who… am I?” - You whisper.

He steps closer and lifts your chin gently.

“You are my son.” - He murmurs.

“My heir. My blood. Lucian, born in flame and shadow.”

The name echoes in your head. Lucian.
You can’t remember your old name anymore. It’s… fading. Like a word in a forgotten language. Like a human thing.
Useless now.

You try to remember your friends. Your family.
Faces flash. Names. Screams.
And then… silence.

Lucifer kneels and opens his arms.

You hesitate only for a breath…
And fall into them.

He holds you.

Warm. Gentle. Real.

“You are mine now.” - He says.

“As you always were meant to be.”

His arms are strong. His embrace feels… familiar. Safe. Final.

And as his fingers stroke through your golden hair, you feel your mind give in.
Not breakin… but becoming.
Reforming into what you always should’ve been.

A prince. A fallen angel. A Morningstar.

You wake in silk.

Your eyes open slowly to warm, golden light filtering through the tall, stained-glass windows of your chamber.

Not your old apartment. Not your broken, mortal shell of a life.

This place is ancient. Timeless. Home.

The bed beneath you is carved obsidian, rimmed with silver trim. Your sheets smell of brimstone and roses. You know their scent well. You always have.

You sit up slowly, fingers brushing over your chest. No fear. No doubt. Only stillness.

You know your name.
Lucian Morningstar.

You know your purpose.
You are the son of the Morning Star, born of divine blood and eternal flame.

You stretch your back, and six dark wings unfold behind you in a perfect arch… regal, silent, beautiful.

A knock.

The door opens.
Lucifer enters, in his usual suit, his expression soft, almost amused.

“Good morning, my son.”

You smile instinctively.

“Good morning, Father.”

He walks to your bedside, sits beside you.

“I had… a strange dream.” - You say, frowning slightly.

“I was… human… A human who felt alone and forgotten. It felt so real.”

Lucifer chuckles, brushing a hand through your hair.

“Dreams often feel that way.” - He says gently.

“But dreams are just noise, Lucian. Unformed memories. Echoes of what never was.”

You nod slowly. Deep down, you understand.

You were never human. That world, that pain, that life… a lie. A broken thing your mind invented long ago, and now it's gone.

Lucifer places a hand on your shoulder, steady and warm.

“You’ve come home. That’s all that matters now.”

And it is.

You rise from the bed, your long coat forming around your shoulders in a shimmer of dark magic. Your boots touch the black marble. You walk like someone who has always ruled.

A prince.

Lucifer stands beside you, pride glowing in his eyes.

“You’ve made me proud, son.” - He says.

You look up at him, your voice calm, certain.

“I love you, Father.” - You say while you show a warm smile.

He smiles (truly smiles) and embraces you.

“And I love you, Lucian. Now and always.”

And in that embrace, there is no sorrow. No fear. No guilt.
Only truth.
Only family.
Only home.

Now, you are a different being.

Forever.

This was for a TG trade with @DinosaursRoar.

Lucifer and Charlie from Hazbin Hotel (2019), created by Vivienne Medrano.

Drawing: OKDraws.